

MERRY RHYMES  
FOR THIRSTY TIMES.



# Hires Rootbeer Package

MAKES FIVE  
GALLONS OF A  
DELICIOUS,  
SPARKLING,  
EFFERVESCENT  
DRINK.

NOTHING in it but roots, barks, berries, distilled water—and healthful enjoyment. Quenches your thirst, gives you an appetite. A draught of it refreshes you—body and mind; makes you readier for work or play. A promoter of good health and good cheer. Drank by all types of people—the poor, as well as the rich; the young and the old. Its growth marks the growth of popularity, the progress of education, and the advancement of civilization. But be sure that you get the genuine!

Polished brass and copper look like gold—but they corrode—are poisonous and dangerous to life. Gold is pure, harmless and unalloyed; so with

## .... HIRES ROOTBEER ....

—pure, wholesome and healthful. The many imitations and counterfeits made from chemicals are as copper and brass—to be avoided.

### Hires Rootbeer Carbonated.

### Hires Ginger Ale.

Pure, Sparkling and Wholesome.

Pint Bottles, Ready to Drink.

SOLD BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Save Labels from top of the Packages, they are worth Valuable Presents. Write for Catalogue.

MON.  
P.M.  
WA 675  
900

22 517 2920 7

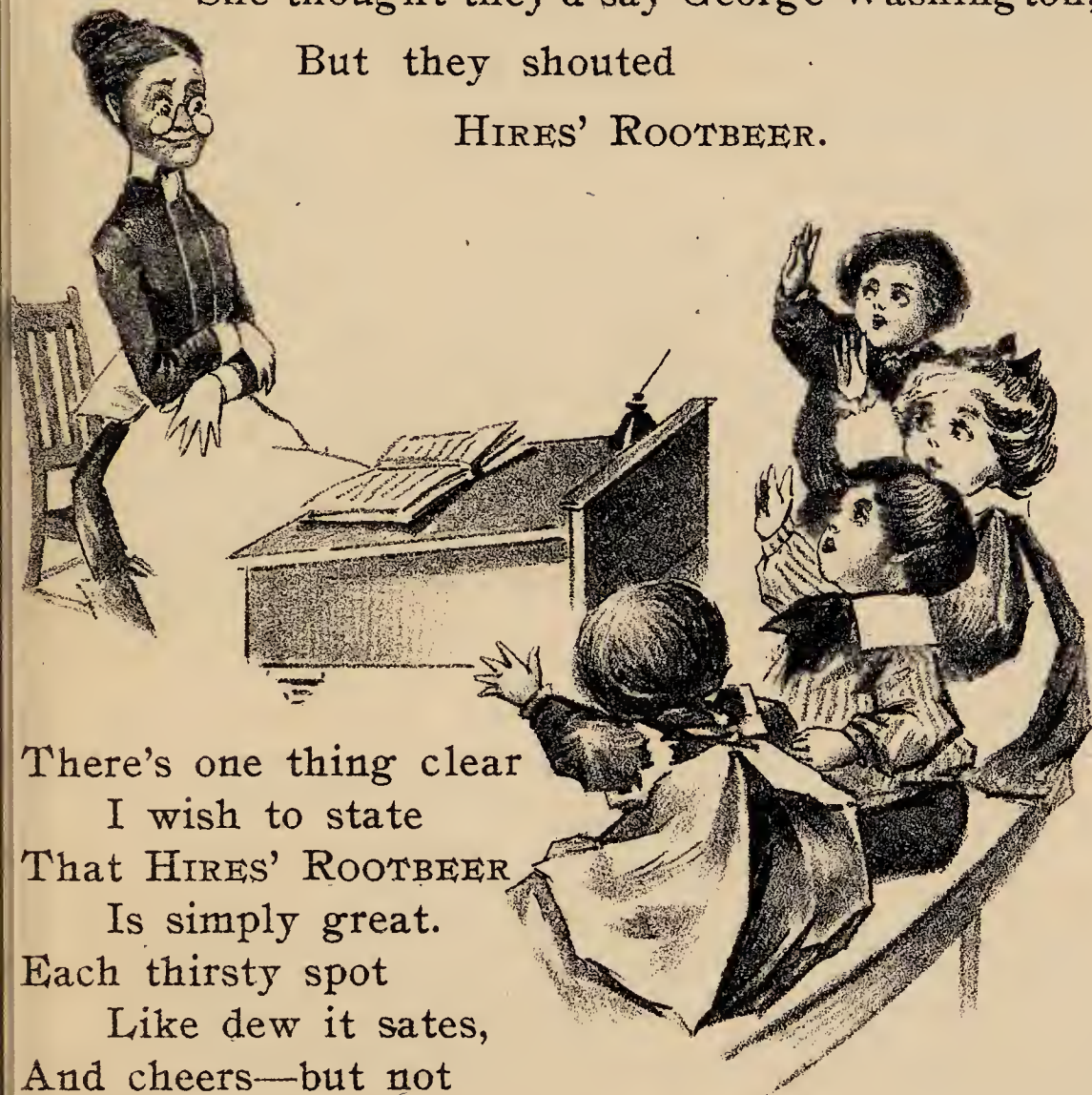
She asked, Who's first in war and in peace?

Then smiled from ear to ear;

She thought they'd say George Washington,

But they shouted

HIRES' ROOTBEER.



There's one thing clear

I wish to state

That HIRES' ROOTBEER

Is simply great.

Each thirsty spot

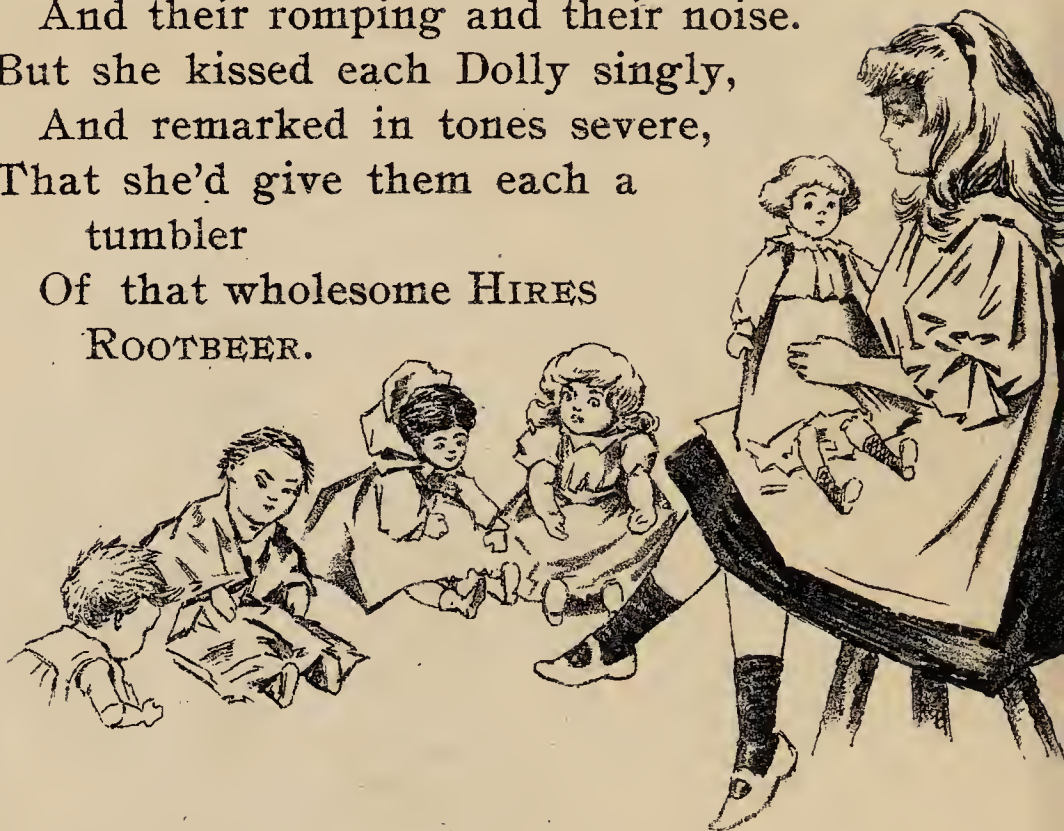
Like dew it sates,

And cheers—but not

Inebriates.



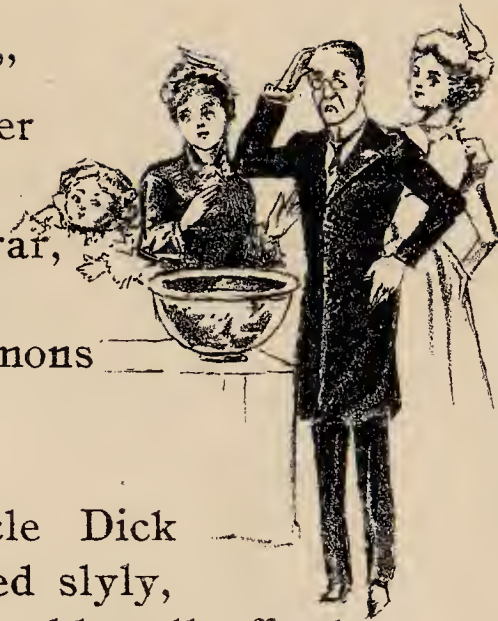
No, she didn't promise candy,  
Or, she didn't offer toys,  
If they'd stop their naughty actions,  
And their romping and their noise.  
But she kissed each Dolly singly,  
And remarked in tones severe,  
That she'd give them each a  
tumbler  
Of that wholesome HIRES  
ROOTBEER.



The children crowd around the door  
They seem to have no fear  
Of Bridget's threats, or Bridget's broom,  
She can not drive them from the room  
She's bottling HIRES' ROOTBEER.

'T was at a picnic party,  
"What ever shall we do?"  
The elder asked with temper  
hot,

"I have the sugar,  
but forgot  
To bring the lemons  
too."



Then uncle Dick  
laughed slyly,  
As he could well afford,  
For from a thicket hidden  
near.  
He brought a case of Hires'  
ROOTBEER,  
And peace was soon restored.

What are you singing,  
my little dear?  
I'm singing the praises of  
HIRES ROOTBEER.



The man who took the photographs,  
Oh, he was most beguiling ;  
He gave the children

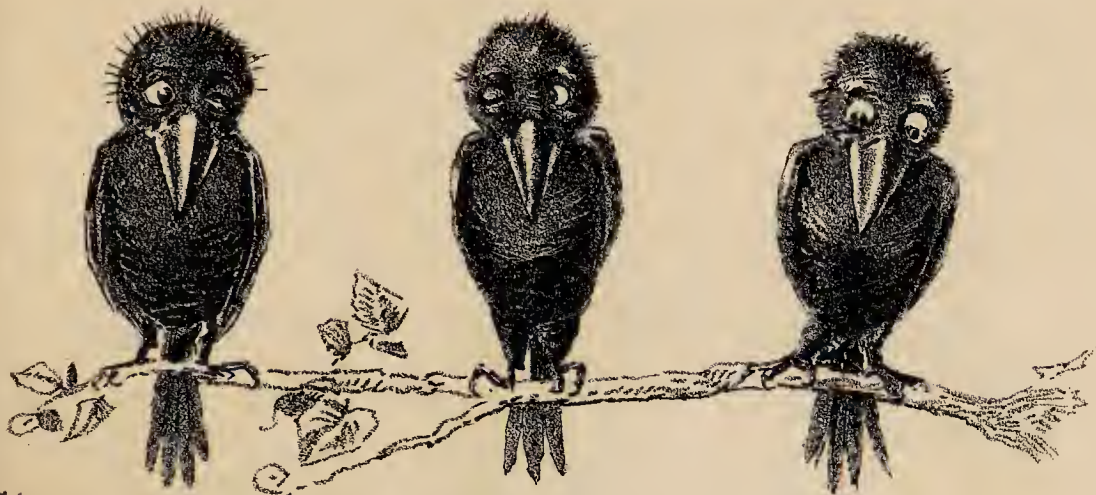
HIRES' ROOTBEER,  
And when they grinned  
from ear to ear,  
He took their  
pictures  
smiling.



There was a grim and crusty  
chap,

Who shouted with a sneer,  
“Don’t talk to me about the snap  
And vim of HIRES’ ROOTBEER.”  
“All right” exclaimed each lad and lass,  
“Sure!” laughed each girl and boy,  
Then each filled up a sparkling glass  
And drank in silent joy.





There were three crows sat on a tree,  
And they were dry as dry could be.

Said one methinks I do espy  
A picnic going on near by.

Then down they circled to the ground,  
And what think you these rascals found?

A little boy asleep—and near  
His hand a glass of HIRE'S'

ROOTBEER.

And when he woke,  
alas, alas!

All that remained  
was just the glass.





Maud Muller on  
summer's day  
Gave the Judge  
drink they say.  
Not of water as 'tis  
said,  
Nor of creamy milk  
instead.

No, it was a sparkling,  
clear  
Tumbler full of HIRES'  
ROOTBEER,  
Which he said was best of  
all—  
And they married in  
the Fall.





“Good gracious!” whimpered Willy,

“Whatever will I do?”

For the dinner he had eaten,

It was big enough for two.

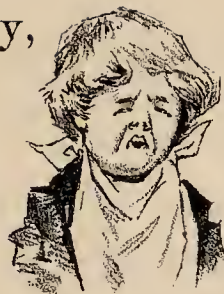
And when they brought the dessert,

His grief was most sincere,

He had left no room whatever

For his glass of HIRES’

ROOTBEER.



The reapers laugh as Molly goes

Across her father’s fields,

For every thirsty fellow

knows

What joy her presence yields.

In either hand she holds a jug ;

Her song rings true and clear ;

“Here’s to your health, for here’s  
a mug

Of sparkling HIRES’ ROOTBEER.”

Oh, Billy boy, the little dear,  
He left a glass of HIRES' ROOTBEER

Close by the chimney flue,  
And made Kriss Kringle

laugh because

There was a note—"Dear

Santa Claus,

I left this here for you."



Outside, the blackness of the night,  
The wind, the cold, the snow;  
Within the popcorn bursting white  
Above the ruddy glow,  
And apples red—and gingerbread  
And angel cake and pie,  
With HIRES' ROOTBEER and hearty cheer,  
The moments swiftly fly.

# Hires Condensed Milk.

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**G**UARANTEED absolutely pure, and to be condensed from the highest grade of fresh rich cow's milk, full cream, containing the largest amount of solids and butter fat, with the best and purest granulated cane sugar. The latest and most scientific principles used in our process of preparation make it more digestible than ordinary milk ; more perfect as a nourishing and strengthening food for infants, nursing mothers, and aged people, and for all the uses in which milk enters. It is far superior to the ordinary condensed milk, and is absolutely free from all deleterious matter. The most economical, and will keep fresh for months.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET:

**How the Cow Became Sacred in India.**

SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FREE.

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**Ask your Druggist or Grocer for**

**Hires Condensed Milk and**

**Take No Substitute.**

**Save the Labels of Cow's Head for Presents.**





"Hires to our new Colonies."